

DOCTOR • WHO

GREEN FINGERS

PART TWO

LAST TIME: ON A SECRET LABORATORY IN SPACE, PLANTS THAT TURN LETHAL IN SUNLIGHT HAVE JUST BEEN SET LOOSE BY A TRAITOR!

I HOPE YOU'VE GOT GREEN FINGERS, DOCTOR!

BRASK, GIVE US BACK CONTROL! WE'VE GOT TO GET THE SPACE STATION BACK INTO THE SHADOW OF THE PLANET!

NOT A CHANCE, DOCTOR! BY THE TIME YOU'VE RESTORED CONTROL AND FOUGHT OFF THOSE PLANTS I'LL BE LONG GONE!

DOCTOR!

HANG ON, FLYNT!

A BIT OF THIS, A DASH OF THAT. PHEW! THAT'S STARTING TO PONG A BIT...

...BUT IT DOES THE JOB!

HISSESSSSSSSS!

Script MIKE TUCKER
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
Letters PAUL VYSE







'COS I'VE TOLD THEM
THAT THESE PLANTS ARE
A **VIRULENT STRAIN OF
CENTURIAN STRANGLE
WEED!** AND THOSE
ROBOTS REALLY DON'T
LIKE WEEDS!



VERY CLEVER,
DOCTOR. BUT IT
HASN'T STOPPED
BRASK ESCAPING
SCOTT FREE!

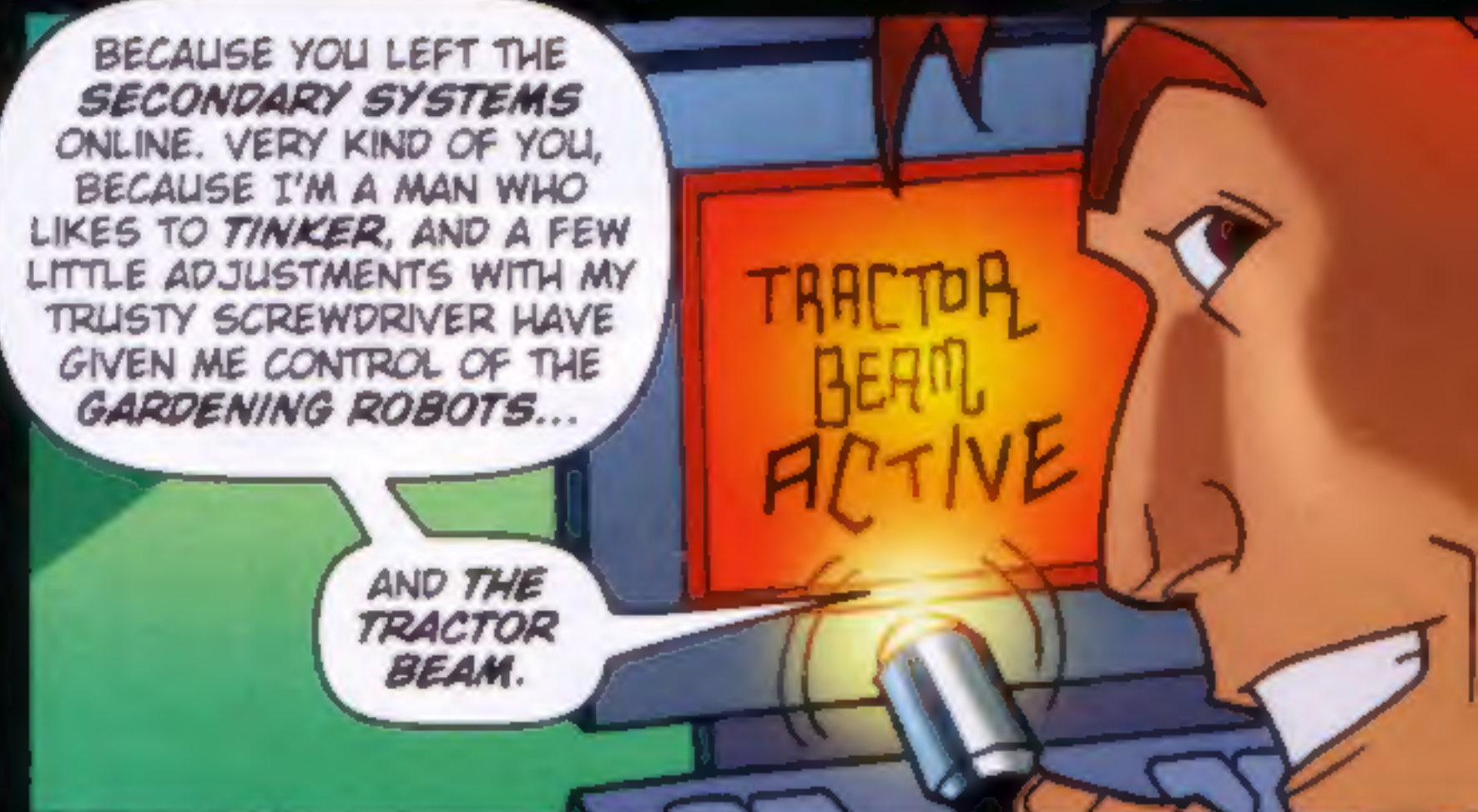


OH, I DON'T
THINK SO.

SORRY TO **DISAPPOINT**
YOU, PROFESSOR BRASK,
BUT I REALLY **DON'T**
THINK YOU SHOULD BE
GOING ANYWHERE.



OH, REALLY,
DOCTOR? AND **HOW**
EXACTLY ARE YOU
GOING TO STOP US?



BECAUSE YOU LEFT THE
SECONDARY SYSTEMS
ONLINE. VERY KIND OF YOU,
BECAUSE I'M A MAN WHO
LIKES TO **TINKER**, AND A FEW
LITTLE ADJUSTMENTS WITH MY
TRUSTY SCREWDRIVER HAVE
GIVEN ME CONTROL OF THE
GARDENING ROBOTS...

AND THE
**TRACTOR
BEAM.**



**JERRIX! GET US
OUT OF HERE!
QUICKLY!**





YOU'RE A FOOL, BRASK. YOU'VE LET A FORTUNE SLIP THROUGH OUR FINGERS.



YEARS OF WORK, RUINED.



YOU'VE STILL GOT THESE. AND THAT **REVERSE SPECTRUM THERAPY** I MENTIONED IS DEFINITELY WORTH A TRY. NO NASTY SIDE EFFECTS!



DON'T SUPPOSE YOU FANCY **STAYING ON** AND HELPING US START AGAIN?



SORRY, PROFESSOR. I'M LONG OVERDUE AT BAZ'S EASY DINER, BUT AFTER TODAY I THINK I'M GOING TO BE STEERING WELL CLEAR OF HIS **VEGETABLE SOUP!**

A BRAND-NEW ADVENTURE STARTS NEXT ISSUE!